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THOUGHTS IN VERSE

DUNCAN FRANCIS YOUNG

(Young)
NBI

☆ Bowker

Thoughts in Verse

BY
DUNCAN FRANCIS YOUNG

THE
Abbey Press
PUBLISHERS
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FIFTH AVENUE
London NEW YORK Montreal

☆ [illegible] Bowker

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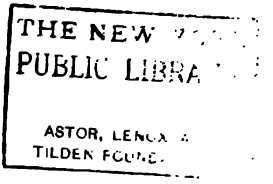
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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Duncan Francis Young was born in Covington, Louisiana, July 20, 1862, the youngest son of Benjamin F. and Martha A. Young. His mother was a Louisianian, his father a Virginian, coming to Louisiana in 1849. The subject of this sketch received his early education by private tuition, afterward attending public school in New Orleans; but early in life, his father dying, he was compelled to go to work, selecting the printer's trade, which he followed in its various ramifications for upward of fifteen years. In 1895 he became a bank cashier, which position he now holds.

THE PUBLISHERS.

PREFACE

In launching this unpretentious volume upon the tempestuous sea of public opinion it is done with a full knowledge of its unworthiness to be placed alongside the literary efforts of poets of days gone by. But I have felt, I must say in behalf of my action, that there was a field for just such a work at this particular time—a time when the newspapers of the day fairly teem with poetic (?) efforts.

It has been said that poets are born—not made. Better far to say poets are born, then made. And better, too, that a poet be made than born and not made.

While the author lays no claim to originality, nor does he presume to pose as a poet, either born or made, these efforts are born of sentimentality, constructed, crude though they be, after patterns made by most thorough and expert workmen—poets of repute. Rhyme and rhythm have

been closely attended to, and, though the words used were the best at the author's command, and though they shimmer not with brightness, if the pent-up thoughts of the author are half so nearly comprehended as they existed in the writer's mind, this effort will not indeed have been in vain.

D. F. Y.

AMITE CITY, LA., August, 1900.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Ben, the Sage of Bantia (In Five Cantos)	7
The Fireman	20
Again	22
Friendship	23
Hope	25
In An Album	26
Wouldst Thou Still Forget?	27
Louisiana or Lottery	29
Kohn's Fall	30
Is This Love?	32
The Effort's as Good as the Deed	33
An Ode to Winter	34
Discarded	36
In Woodlands	37
Hell and New Orleans	38
I'm Saddest When I Ring	39
That Will-o'-the-Wisp Award	40
It's at College, You Know	42
A Meteor	43
The Little Pest	44
Order, Arms!	45
Precious One	46
The Banker's Prayer	47
Notes	49

THOUGHTS IN VERSE

Ben, the Sage of Bantia

CANTO I

THE MORNING OF LIFE

(Genesis xxxvii. 36.)

I.

The gentle zephyrs softly blow,
The lazy herdsman layeth low,
The sun is shining brightly now,
The birds are singing on the bough;
For youth and pleasure vaunteth here,
And naught but laughter brings a tear.

II.

To Ben his life is morning now,
The flush of youth surrounds his brow,

Ben, the Sage of Bantia

Unlike the zephyrs, which doth blow,
His whistle pulsates loud and low;
For he is loved by man and beast,
He loveth all—as well the least.

CANTO II

TROUBLES ACCUMULATE

I.

There're Frank and John, and Albert, too,
  And other brothers Ben did claim
(Who sought to help him with his herd),
  Yet brothers were they but in name;
For jealous they became of him
And sought his life upon a limb.

II.

The would-be fratricides did fail
  Their hellish purpose to attain,
For cravens that they proved to be,
  Ben's life to him did yet remain;
But worse than all, a slave was he—
His father he no more might see.

Ben, the Sage of Bantia

III.

His death had been of lighter form
  Than what was placed in store for him,
For he is tempted by Black Prince,
  Who proves his guilt of charges grim;
And he is thrown into the jail
Without the benefit of bail.

Ben, the Sage of Bantia

CANTO III

BEN DISPLAYS INTELLIGENCE

(Genesis xli. 1-57.)

I.

Down in the land of Bantia,
  There where the poppies grew,
Harvesting was forsaken,
  Naught did men try to do.

II.

Man in his greed for plenty
  Frequently fails to see
Cogwheels of toil get blunted,
  Worked beyond right or fee.

III.

Ben saw the trend of fortune—
  Saw that the rich and poor,
Fighting against each other—
  Meagreness would be sure.

Ben, the Sage of Bantia

IV.

He had become trustworthy;
  Favored by Acis, king,
Those who had worked most justly
  Fruits of their toil did bring.

V.

Tendering them in friendship,
  Over their actual wants,
Much of the good things hoarded,
  Bringing on Ben vile taunts.

* * * * * *

VI.

Bantia was ruled by Acis;
  Midst plenty he was kind;
Famine now swept o'er Bantia,
  Victims he sought to find.

VII.

Ben was at once commanded
  Toward the king to make
Prophecies that would offer
  Famines like this to break.

Ben, the Sage of Bantia

VIII.

Hastening up to Acis,
  Brazenly stirs Black Prince,
Trying once more his power,
  Slowly Ben's heart to mince.

IX.

Ben on the fact is questioned
  Whether they all would die;
Over to Acis turned he
  Everything he'd laid by.

* * * *

(Genesis xl. 23.)

X.

Here in this land of plenty
  Acis must make amends;
Down in the land of Bantia
  Lifeless Black Prince depends.

CANTO IV

(Genesis xlii. 1-38.)

I.

Ben's father long had mourned for him
As dead to all this life,
And for his sons who with him stayed,
His heart with love was rife.

II.

The famine 'round broad Bantia land
Extended into Nod,
Whose household after food and clothes,
To Bantia had to plod.

III.

Ben's father, who was Abraham,
His eldest son did send,
To Bantia for some provender,
As far as to the end.

Ben, the Sage of Bantia

IV.

When John and Frank their mission told
To Ben, of Acis' staff,
He placed them both in durance vile,
The bitter cup to quaff.

V.

When father Abr'am heard of this,
His heart was sorely tried—
"Alas! thou, too, my sons!"
With bitterness he cried.

VI.

But bread is scarce and must be had,
And straightway sendeth he
Two more of stout and healthy build,
Across the deep blue sea.

VII.

With fear to Ben these brothers come,
They, too, did ask for bread—
"How dost thy father without thee!"
With sternness this he said.

VIII.

"He suffers much for others' sins,"
Said both with aching hearts—
"Then, suffer thou," with firmness spake,
This man of better parts.

IX.

He placed them with the other two,
To suffer quiet pain,
While suffered more than either one,
The father 'cross the main.

X.

There is an inborn pow'r in man,
Which ev'ry one well knows;
The heart is aching for our sins,
It bleeds for others' woes.

XI.

We know not why nor wherefore this,
We have it to compare,
For of the sway of those who're dead,
We surely are aware.

CANTO V

GOOD FOR EVIL.

(Genesis xlv. 1.)

I.

The father learns with deep regret
  The fate of his two boys;
He goes on there to be with them,
  In sorrow as in joys.

II.

He comes to Ben; he knoweth not
  That he is, too, his son,
For though he loved the other boys,
  He ne'er forgot this one.

Ben, the Sage of Bantia

III.

He speaks to Ben with trembling voice,
And tells him of his loss;
How many, many years he's had
To meekly bear the cross.

IV.

"I beg, oh, sir, I'm suffered placed
In bondage by the side
Of children of my happy days,
Kind sir!" the father cried.

* * * * * *

(Genesis xlvii.)

V.

These punished men are tendered now,
Before this king of men,
Upon whose throne, close to his side,
Was sternly sitting Ben.

Ben, the Sage of Bantia

VI.

"Go, thou," proclaims this kindly man,
"And with thy kinsmen live,
And in and out of Bantia go,
A share of which I give."

VII.

The son steps down from off the throne,
And falls upon the neck
Of father, brother; each in turn
With kisses tears they check.

1895.

The Fireman

The night is dark and drear,
  No moon, no stars lift up their eyes
To guide the footman on,
  While winds give forth low, deep drawn sighs.

* * * * * *

The quiet night is 'sturbed
  By peals (as mocking peace) wild, deep,
And loud, from firebells,
  Awaking us to flame's fell sweep.

* * * * * *

'Awake, bold fireman! Aye,
  And hie thyself to danger's brink—
To save the lives and homes
  Of weak and weary never shrink.

'And though thy deeds so brave
  Are held not on the lips of fame,
Some true friends still remain,
  Who will fore'er recall thy name.

And on thy tombstones spread,
  Thy worthy deeds in life's hard fight—
Thy courage, staunch and pure,
  Ne'er shrinking in cold danger's sight.

1885.

Again

I crave the days long passed away,
  Those days once fraught with glee;
I romp'd, and skipp'd, and gayly leap'd
  Upon the felt-like lea.

Where bright as gold the mill-stream flowed
  I boldly waded out,
And chased about among the rocks
  Some tiny little trout.

I see the fields, all green with grain,
  The barn where "Nig" was kept;
The old schoolhouse (which is no more),
  Lessons o'er which I've wept.

A thought of these is yet sublime,
  And with each thought is fetched a tear—
A tear which takes away all pain,
  And brightens every care.

Ah! still I sigh for the old home—
  The joys of youthtime's years;
But all are passed, and when recalled,
  Are met by present cares.

1886.

Friendship

'Tis a token—friendship's token
(Ah, friendship true in deed!
'Tis a tie that's never broken)—
Of one a friend in need.

'Tis a token—friendship's foster,
A trinket e'er so rare,
Which I hold in mem'ry's roster;
I look and touch with care.

'Tis o'er this that now I ponder,
I look on it with cheer;
As it follows where I wander
It tells of one who's dear.

* * * * * *

Oh, to live without our giving—
Without some loved one near—
It were best we were not living;
'Twere best we were not here.

Friendship

Thus I bide in friendship's bower;
To man I owe a friend;
Thus, of man I claim his power,
So I my aid do lend.

1887.

Hope

For what live we if not on hope?
  Else why, when fortune fails to smile,
And sickness, death and mis'ry's dearth
  Crowd 'round and press us the while,
    To life do we cling?

And what to us would this world be
  With all its crimes and untold faults;
With taunts and torments unfolded,
  With stubborn trade and vicious halts—
    Were it not for hope?

The man condemned to die at noon
  With patience waits to hear the word
Which gives to him his wish—reprieve—
  "To life in prison!" who's not heard,
    "Yet 'tis sweet to live!"

1888.

In An Album

You ask that a line may be written
By which my name of me will you remind.
Does this, I do wonder, to me pertain?
If so, from you to me 'tis most unkind.

Oh, is there naught in mem'ry's roster
To picture me when far, far from thee?
Recall the rambles thro' pines and green woods—
Do these, I say, not fetch a thought of me?

My task: The whistling pines of Beef Branch,
Tho' touched by winter's blasts, may creak and sigh;
The limpid water of Abita
In stagnant puddles be forced to lie;

The sound of ox-bells be hushed fore'er,
The night no longer know the whip-poor-will,
The gay old picnics we'll have no more,
Yet, fair friend, will I remember thee still!

1889.

Wouldst Thou Still Forget

How can you ask that you forget
  The one you've learned to love,
Whose face is by in morning's light
  As true as coos the dove?
For now you say that you do love
  In language bright as gold;
'Tis that object pure, divine,
  Prepared by nature's mold.

And still you ask that you forget
  The winsome face which strays
At each approach of eventide,
  And sadly 'bout you stays.
His eyes are pictured in the coals
  Which moulder in the grate
And draw your thoughts upon them there,
  And yet you would him hate!

And still you ask that you forget
  The face that comes at night
And hovers 'bout you in your dreams—
  Forever in your sight.

Wouldst Thou Still Forget

How can you, love, forget the one
  You say you love so well?
He comes about so earnestly—
  He loves you—who can tell?

1890.

Louisiana or Lottery

Alcibiades a soldier was,
With laurels, too, and great,
And to his cause came brave and true
And placed with him their fate.

And not alone did men converge;
Timea, too, did yield
To him her honor, trust and all,
Such power did he wield.

But now his pompous prestige waned,
And scourged from Athens' shore,
As villains fall they deeply go,
He Sparta knew no more.

Debarred and chased, but clinging yet,
This Grecian Lord of Lust
(While poor Timea suffered still)
Returned to kindred dust.

1890.

Kohn's Fall

Our hist'ry fails to tell about a wondrous sight I saw
But lately 'mongst magnolias, oaks and pine trees gaunt and tall,
So list to me, I'll tell you, mark! record forevermore
The seething foam and bubbles, chasing, tumbling o'er Kohn's Fall.

Along the Little Boguefalaya river's banks
The winds of March cavorted, sighing, whistling wild and strong,
I chanced to walk one eventide in search of rest and ease,
And found these madding rapids flowing maybe e'er so long.

From Covington a mile I went—a very little more—
And near the Military road I heard the whoo-owl's call.

Kohn's Fall

I searched for him—I looked for him—I looked
both high and low—
I could not see the whoo-owl, but the erst-
while unknown fall.

I have but little more to say, and that both short
and quick,
For hist'ry tells its tale, I trow, in words both
short and neat.
O'er Little Boguefalaya river Kohn once tried to
cross,
The fall of which I tell you was the water o'er
his feet.

1891.

Is This Love

What causes me at eventide—
  When the sun casts lengthened rays,
The whip-poor-will gives forth its lay
  As on trembling limbs it sways.

In summer's gladsome morning sun,
  In the winter's chilly breeze,
In springtime's cheering infancy,
  At the falling of the leaves—

What causes me, in sylvan glade,
  When the moon comes peeping in,
And pictures every kind of scene
  As the things that might have been?

I hear the rippling of the brook,
  Or the cooing of the dove—
What causes me to think of thee?
  Canst thou tell me—is it love?

1893.

The Effort's as Good as the Deed

What matters it if after all
  I do not win?
What blame is there if failure comes
  And finds me in?
What more would you, if forced to yield
  To Moloch's pow'r,
If battle I, but all in vain,
  Yet do not cow'r?

1894.

An Ode to Winter

I love you, winter, love you;
I love your cheerless breeze,
I love your change of weather
Because it makes one sneeze.

I love your tingling raindrops,
I love your piercing sleet,
Because it makes you feel good
Whene'er you warm your feet.

I love you, winter, love you;
I love you 'cause you're bad;
I love you, winter, love you;
You suit us when we're sad.

I love you, winter, love you;
For when your life is past,
Just like a ray of sunshine
Comes charming spring at last.

An Ode to Winter

I love you, winter, love you;
  Because you're like this life—
To reach our home up yonder
  We're bound to pass thro' strife.

1895.

Discarded

Farewell, my fondest hopes, farewell;
Life's pleasures have departed;
I've seen the wane of fairest days
I would not have retarded.

Farewell, my fondest hopes, farewell;
Naught else is now regarded;
Life's sweetest bliss is spilled for me,
For I've just been discarded.

1895.

In Woodlands

I love to be in woodlands
  And hear the tinkling bell,
The thoughts that then rise in me
  No tongue of man can tell.

I love to be in woodlands
  And hear the songsters' lay,
No matter if 'tis autumn
  Or in the month of May.

I love to be in woodlands,
  Afar from cares and strife—
I know our Father lives there,
  Amid such joyous life.

1894.

Hell and New Orleans

I rode behind the iron horse
  Into the Southern land,
And while I heard and seemed to see
  The moving of a hand,
A man arose, with might and main,
  And briefly thus he spoke:
"The fires of hell are waiting thee,
  The jaws of death thy cloak.
Beware! Return while yet there's time,
  For God just now regleans!"
The door was slammed and someone said:
  "All out for New Orleans!"

1894.

I'm Saddest When I Ring

[Suggested on seeing an old belled cow on the street on the day of an election, which it was thought would evict stock from the corporation limits.]

As slowly walked the old belled cow
  Along Extension street
She seemed to sadly pick her way
  Amidst the frozen sleet.

The hollow sound the old bell gave
  Some solace seemed to bring,
Yet as she left the old bell said,
  "I'm saddest when I ring."

February, 1894.

That Will-o'-the-wisp Award

Dramatis Personæ:—B. F. Catching, J. S. Beasley, J. S. Decell, G. W. Cooper, J. W. Didlake, members of the board of supervisors; J. L. Ramsey, lawyer and cousin of M. (otherwise Bud) Spencer, editor of *Meteor,* and D. F. Young, editor of *Signal.*

"The job! the job! aha! my all!
'Tis life or death to me!
The county printing get for me,
Dear cous., I 'peal to thee."

He thought it *Beas(t)ley* one so *Young,*
Who *Spent so* much for this,
Should lose a chance of making fame—
No, no! he'd not this miss.

And *Catching* straws the cousin fights—
With vict'ry proudly walks;
He reads the law, the cold, stern law,
And wondrously he talks.

No contest made, the law *Rams he*
Into the members' ears—
"Do sell," says one, "the job to him,
Else soon he'll be in tears."

That Will-o'-the-wisp Award

And ne'er *Did lake* more tears contain
  Than welled into Bud's eyes—
The motion passed—the job was his—
  Relief expressed in sighs.

And now it 'pears to those who think
  That ne'er did *Cooper* dread
The irksome task of putting hoops
  'Pon such a swollen head.

1894.

It's at College, You Know

There once was seen among the trees
  Which skirt old Bayou Pierre
A youngster wild and grim and drear
  Who slept on grasses seer.

One time some hunters chanced to camp
  Beneath a tall old tree—
The fire's embers burning low
  Drew Jocko down to see.

He stuck his tail beneath the coals,
  Perhaps to see if they were warm,
And presently he found them hot
  And raised a mighty storm.

The hunters 'woke and captured him—
  No longer could he climb;
His tail was burned, his power gone—
  And caged him for all time.

1893.

A Meteor

I stood upon a mighty hill,
  Where stars were brightly beaming,
Was startled by an awful sight—
  The heavens seemed all gleaming.

A little star, more bold than wise,
  Laid out to cheat its brothers,
And through the air it cut its way
  And fairly dimmed the others.

'Twas but a moment it remained;
  Its lustre soon was banished;
The other stars gave forth their light,
  While none knew one had vanished.

1893.

The Little Pest

I've seen the noted wild horse fly,
  I've seen the cow herd flee,
I've seen the turtle as it dove,
  I've seen the honey bee,
I've seen the limpid water flow,
  I've seen the chimney flue,
I've heard the winds play hide and seek
  As turkey feathers flew.
I've seen the bright fawn-faced dear
  Across the felt-like lea,
But pokey it in point of speed
  If paced with Mister Flea.

1895.

Order, Arms

'Tis but a little faded flower
  On long dead soldiers' graves;
It tells we have not lost to thought
  Our dead and gallant braves.

'Tis but a rotting, tumbling board
  That marks the place of rest
Of many brave and gallant "boys"
  In homespun clothing dressed.

Then mark the spot where now he lies;
  Keep green his valor, fame;
We know he was his country's friend—
  Unknown his home and name.

1894.

Precious One

If my pen were more facile
And my thoughts were more bright,
I'd petition thee, precious,
To be first in thy sight.

At thy bidding I'd bend, then,
I would do but for thee;
I'd fond hopes nurture, darling,
If you loved none but me.

But the stars up in heaven,
Like thee, are far from me;
As they gaze at me, winking,
They remind me of thee.

The Banker's Prayer

In yonder sky of deepest blue
(My Fiscal Agent up on high)
I've placed on pledge my note of hand,
Which I'll redeem the day I die.

I'll give to Him no *overdraft,*
But *drafts* that 're *drawn* on *credit* here—
Collat'ral for my acts of good
And hopes for all to me most dear.

* * * * * *

Oh, Lord, on high, I pray of you
To me you'll ope your *record book,*
That when this life I shall *exchange*
Upon what page I then may look.

May *deeds* of mine Thy *int'rest draw,*
My *coin discount* for realms on high;
Without *protest record* me there—
My home which *money* cannot *buy.*

The Banker's Prayer

Deposit all do I with Thee,
That when on me Thou placest life's *check*
I'll know I'm *safe* up in that *Bank*
Which hands of mortal cannot *wreck.*

Notes

Ben, the Sage of Bantia

Canto I—Can there be a more beautiful picture, or can mind be brought to bear upon a happier scene, than gamboling children in pastoral pleasures on a pleasant day in springtime?

Canto II—While jealousy existed in the time of Joseph, it seems to have lost none of its energy by the lapse of time. Perhaps the lesson meant to have been taught has never been thoroughly comprehended, owing, possibly, to the fact that Joseph's brothers were not promptly and severely punished. But the lesson, on sober second thought, shows us that "though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." A peculiar thing in reference to Joseph's persecution is a truism in another part of the Bible which says, "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Is there anything strange in that? Can you not withstand more from one whom you love than some one else? Do you not expect more from one whom you love than from some one else?

Canto III—Here we witness the difference between a

miser and a spendthrift. It is quite evident that it was never any more intended that a man should throw away his money in order that he might die poor than that he should hoard that he might die rich. Joseph, in his proper economy, was able to bestow something where needed, and displays the proper motive in so doing. Joseph is not shown to be a prophet, capable of miracles, but portrays the intelligence and forethought which should exist in every man. The conclusion of this stanza does not expatiate, but leaves the mind clear to draw conclusions as to the fate of him who errs seriously.

Canto IV—Here we find a lesson of patience. Tried beyond patience, Jacob does not lose faith, but "by the sweat of his brow," as it were, goes into Pharaoh's land under a darkened sky, to find at last all bright and fair.

Canto V—This lesson of charity, which we find in Joseph's kindness at last toward his erring brethren, displays a beautiful spirit of forgiveness, which might be practiced to great advantage in this age of civilization.

The Fireman

At the time this piece was written the Volunteer Fire Department was in existence in the city of New Orleans. The members of the department, for obvious reasons, were regarded generally as a very rough and rowdy class of people, notwithstanding which the writer, believing that that which belonged to Cæsar should be given unto Cæsar, indited the above, and had the flattering satisfaction of being complimented by some substantial citizens for the sentiment expressed therein.

Notes

Again

Before the Civil War there resided at a place called Mortee's Mill, on the Boguefalaya River, about four miles from the town of Covington, La., a wealthy family, who lived in luxury. Near the banks of the river, facing the mill, stood the magnificent dwelling, a story and a half structure, high off the ground. When visited by the writer years after the family had died or become poor in this world's goods, as a result of the fortunes of war, a most perfect scene of desolation was witnessed. The doors of the old house were gone, and the goats and other animals sought shelter in the beautiful parlor and bedrooms of former days. In the river in front a few sills and posts were all that remained of the mill that once stood there, a means of occupation rather than of business. Here and there the little stream formed cataracts, and as the waters bubbled along they seemed to utter a requiem o'er the gayeties that had reigned in the old house just up on the hill. The writer having known some of the former occupants of that old edifice, the scene contemplated was a sad one to him indeed.

Friendship

The writer was, very early in life, much impressed by Goldsmith's poem,

"What is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,"

especially after meeting with a number of friends who proved to be such in name only; but after finding several who were friends in *deed* he realized that friendship was a principle at least, and so recognized by the intelligent, for no one is so independent that he may not need friendly offices at some time, and to expect them he should do unto others as he would they would do unto him,

Hope

The writer was acquainted with a harum-scarum young man who loved whiskey better than work. During a drunken spree this young man got into trouble, which appeared to him, on sobering up, to be more horrible than it ultimately proved to be. As the saying goes, "he took to the woods," surrendering only on the day of his trial. The writer interested himself in the young renegade's behalf, and had the satisfaction of seeing him acquitted. Walking along a lonely road some distance from town that day the young man, though he had not actually been in prison, remarked: "I have never seen the sun shine so brightly as it does to-day. I shall never do anything to cause me to be placed behind prison walls." And though many years have elapsed since then, he has kept his word.

In An Album

This scene lies in the parish of St. Tammany, La., the names mentioned being those of a brook and a river traversing the pine belt of that section, where birds

found their nests and the beasts of burden (oxen) quenched their thirst. In those days all hauling was done by oxen, and when the day's work was done, and the beasts (belled, to find them) were turned out to graze the early hours of the stilly night were disturbed by the music of these bells.

Wouldst Thou Still Forget

This was a suggestion to a lovesick maiden on the verge of committing suicide, believing that it would reinstate hopes, and thereby give her an opportunity to recover. As the newspapers of the day failed to record the culmination of the lady's desire, it has been thought the suggestion had the desired effect, and is therefore given to posterity as an antidote in such cases.

Louisiana or Lottery

This was written during the bitter Anti-Lottery campaign of 1890, being a succinct application of a chapter in Grecian history to Louisiana and the Lottery.

Kohn's Fall

Little Boguefalaya is a diminutive stream which flows into the Boguefalaya at Covington, the county seat of St. Tammany Parish, La. The writer one day, strolling along the banks of the little stream, espied a sign nailed to a tree reading, "Kohn's Falls." Going down to investigate, the river was found to be about three feet wide, and seeing no comparison with Niagara, it was

concluded that Herr Von Kohn must have "put his foot in it."

Is This Love

Any one who has gone through this period of bitter sweetness can answer this question, for 'tis said that love knows no master; hence it is not surprising that he should force his companionship upon one in season and out of season.

The Effort's as Good as the Deed

Is not the gift of continuance a virtue? Is not persistence the mother of success? Would that more would applaud the effort, then might we hope more for the deed.

An Ode to Winter

This was original, born of sentiment keenly felt; but the writer felt his weakness when, a short time after publication, a young lady friend began to recite "I am dying, Egypt, dying," and he realized for the first time that the style was unintentional plagiarism.

Discarded

This was one of the few innocent flirtations of the writer, and written after he had learned that the one with whom he had been flirting was herself a flirt.

Notes

In Woodlands

The writer has frequently wished that he could express in words half what he felt with regard to rustic scenery, having often gone to some secluded spot in far off woodlands to seek peace and quiet, and there commune with nature, in which he has found so much to prove the existence of God, our Heavenly Father.

Hell and New Orleans

The writer spent about fifteen of the most bitter years of his life in New Orleans, La., where he met many adversities and little congeniality and very little sympathy; but the years which have passed since then have caused to be minimized very materially his feelings toward the place, and he is free to admit now that there might be other places as warm as New Orleans.

I'm Saddest When I Ring

On a bitter cold day in the month of February, while an election was being held throughout the county for and against keeping one's stock within an enclosure, the writer was walking along a street in the little town of Hazlehurst, Miss., and was struck by the unusual sight of seeing a belled cow grazing along the street of the town.

That Will-o'-the-wisp Award

The writer was the editor of a paper to which the county printing had been awarded, which, as it was

afterward learned, was not according to the strict letter of the law. The award being properly revoked and made over to a rival paper, this effort was a parting shot.

It's at College, You Know

The subject of this item was a resident of a section called by the town boys "the sticks." He was unknown to the writer, having been sent away to college before the writer ascended the editorial tripod of the leading county paper. Sending back to this leading paper in question a communication tending to make little of the qualifications of said leading paper, said communication was made to act as a boomerang by the editor, which provoked a reply from the youngster at college, and this effort followed. It appears that this effort, together with a course of sprouts at college, did him good, for it seems that he returned home and assumed a high standing in the community.

A Meteor

While this was written to cover the special case of a rival young editor who was given to flowery flights of pen efforts, which flared up only to die out by their own light, yet it just as appropriately applies to many another like instance coming within the knowledge of the writer.

Notes

The Little Pest

Those who have not become familiar with the native sand-hill flea know not what comfort is until they have been besieged in company by three fleas, and finally get rid of them. Those are moments of rest and joy.

Order, Arms

On seeing a neglected soldiers' graveyard this was written to arouse respect for it—and in this instance it had the desired effect.

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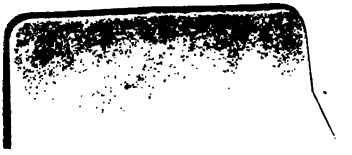
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